*She takes a ſword, and runs at him behinde.*

*Seruant.* Oh I am ſlaine my Lord, yet haue you one eye left to ſee ſome miſchiefe on him, oh! *He dies.*

*Corn.* Leaſt it ſee more, preuent it, out vilde Ielly,
Where is thy luſter now?

*Gloſt.* All darke and comfortles, wheres my ſonne *Edmund*?
*Edmund* vnbridle all the ſparkes of nature, to quit this horrid acte.

*Reg.* Out villaine, thou calſt on him that hates thee, it was hee that made the ouerture of thy treaſons to vs, who is too good to pitty thee.

*Gloſt.* O my follies, then *Edgar* was abuſed,
Kinde Gods forgiue me that, and proſper him.

*Reg.* Goe thruſt him out at gates, and let him ſmell his way to Douer, how iſt my Lord? how looke you?

*Corn.* I haue receiued a hurt, follow me Lady,
Turne out that eyeleſſe villaine, throw this ſlaue vpon
The dunghill, *Regan* I bleed apace, vntimely
Comes this hurt, giue me your arme. *Exit.*

*Seruant.* Ile neuer care what wickedneſſe I do,
If this man come to good.

2. *Seruant.* If ſhe liue long, and in the end meet the old courſe of death, women will all turne monſters.

1 *Ser.* Let's follow the old Earle, and get the bedlam
To lead him where he would, his rogiſh madneſſe
Allowes it ſelfe to any thing.

2 *Ser.* Goe thou, ile fetch ſome flaxe and whites of egges to apply to his bleeding face, now heauen helpe him. *Exit.*

*Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
Then ſtill contemn'd and flattered to be worſt,
The loweſt and moſt deiected thing of Fortune
Stands ſtill in experience, liues not in feare,
The lamentable change is from the beſt,
The worſt returnes to laughter, Who's



Who's here, my father poorely led, world, world, ô worl
But that thy ſtrange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeeld to age.

*Enter Gloſter led by an olde man.*

*Old man.* O my good Lord, I haue bene your tenant,
fathers tenant this foureſcore——

*Gloſt.* Away, get thee away, good friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

*Old man.* Alacke ſir, you cannot ſee your way.

*Gloſt.* I haue no way, and therefore want no eies,
I ſtumbled when I ſaw, full oft tis ſeene
Our meanes ſecure vs, and our meere defects
Proone our commodities; ah deare ſonne *Edgar*,
The food of thy abuſed fathers wrath,
Might I but liue to ſee thee in my tuch,
Ide ſay I had eyes againe.

*Old man.* How now, who's there?

*Edg.* O Gods, who iſt can ſay I am at the worſt,
I am worſe then ere I was.

*Old man.* Tis poore mad *Tom.*

*Edg.* And worſe I may be yet, the worſt is not,
As long as we can ſay, this is the worſt.

*Old man.* Fellow where goeſt?

*Gloſt.* Is it a begger man?

*Old man.* Mad man, and begger too.

*Gloſt.* He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg,
In the laſt nights ſtorme I ſuch a fellow ſaw,
Which made me thinke a man a worme, my ſonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde
Was then ſcarſe friends with him, I haue heard more ſi
As flyes are to'th wanton boyes, are we to'th Gods,
They bit vs for their ſport.

*Edg.* How ſhould this be? bad is the trade that muſt
foole to ſorrow, angring it ſelfe and others; bleſſe thee

*Gloſt.* Is that the naked fellow?